[131 cont.]
796 summer and over sicknesses, pestilences, and deaths which occur
821 as a consequence of it. But we have no work to sustain this affirmation. Also one must take into account the fact that the
[609] natives are not willing that strangers be present at their Fiesta of the Kid; and when they are, the play is much repressed in its natural expression and becomes a pale copy, artificial, almost
[797] we might say a special product for exportation. Missionaries have contributed greatly to this since they are opposed to the fiesta, considering it amoral or immoral because of the sexual freedom which is shown during its performance and the representation of natural scenes of the procreative life of animals. All the
[114 127] data that we have are not the product of our own personal observation of the fiesta but are reports collected from different sources in diverse parts of La Guajira. They have, at the very least, the value of data verified several times over.

All this leads us to think that even though the Dance of the Kid is directly related to the rains since it always starts when the rains begin even though it is specially dedicated to Mareiwa, the divinity of the rains, as we shall prove in the coming chapter, even though its name [132] appears to be derived from the stellar constellation of the Seven Kids, iwa, whose association with rain we shall also note in the following chapter, it is primarily a ceremony dedicated to fecundity, fecundity of the soil shown by the sprouting of plant life brought about by the rains. Fecundity and rain are seen, then, as two inseparable factors, two terms in the same equation: life.

526 796 We spoke of the aspect of demonstration of ability in theatrical representations when we delimited the areas of study of the ceremonial of the Kid. In effect, according to narrations we have at our disposal about the representative games, which we shall describe in detail in the latter part of this chapter, at the end of each one, out of the two sides which have taken part in the development, one side is seen to triumph over the other due to its greater skill or ability in movement or to the physical strength of those taking part when it is a matter of representations of struggles, as we saw in the game of the hawksbill turtle, and as we shall see in the representation of scenes introducing animals,

3: Wilbert E-5 (ca. 1957) 1958 SC13 Goajiro SC13

582 As for the sanctioned forms of cousin marriage, Ego (m. and f.) may marry any cousins on either side except for mother's sister's children. Ego (m. and f.) may also marry any kinsman of the third degree with the exception of a mother's sister's daughter's child. All relatives of the fourth degree are potential spouses.
[595] Polygyny is practiced and is definitely a mark of status and rank. Sororate is sanc-
[554] tioned although it very rarely occurs. The data indicate, then, a very typical system
[587] of Crow type.

602 No avoidance taboos were said to exist in Goajiro society, but great attention
[593] is paid to respectful behavior between kinsmen. In the family parents are respected equally highly by the children, whereas among siblings the brother enjoys greater authority than his sisters, and an elder than a younger brother. In the presence of the maternal uncle nobody is supposed to speak up unquestioned; this rule applies especially to the younger people. Grandparents maintain close and friendly rela-
[431] tions with their grandchildren. They make gifts to the latter: horses, bows and arrows, drums, rifles, etc., and the grandchildren assist the old after having grown up. The father-in-law is respected greatly by his daughter-in-law. When visiting she serves him before she serves her mother-in-law. She does not, however, attend her own mother. Cousins are completely free to meet without being obliged to observe any avoidance regulations.

608 Artificial kin relations were said to be missing altogether among the Goajiro.
609 Non-relatives are treated with great friendliness and may even be accepted as
597 step-parents of an orphan of the group. Orphans usually join a family on the father's side.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA

5: Simons K-5 (ca. 1882) 1885
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the site of the old Spanish settlement San Juan de Ipapa. On the west side of the Parashi Hills in the plains is another well-known central trading station Joroy; chief, Majuté, an Ipuana; probably near the old site of the Spanish settlement Moscota. In the neighbourhood are: Guarirpanturi; chief, Concón, an Ipuana. A Dutchman from Aruba has lived here many years, and has become quite an Indian. Alpiapá, a few ranchos on an eminence commanding the whole valley. The Indians here are rather mixed, but the chief is a Pushaina. The well Kapaulera, at the base of the hill, is the finest I saw, and surrounded with rich green vegetation similar to that of Macuira. Katunasió, the most inland station. It is generally the traders that make a rancho known, for the Indians do everything they can to keep their abodes, if not secret, at any rate as much in the dark as possible. The plains being more unsettled than the mountain district, traders do not venture to establish themselves in the interior, as at Morunay or Joroy, so few ranchos are known. The most important place in the Lower Goajira is Guinoua, midway between Riohacha and the Venezuelan town of Las Guardias or Santa Teresa. Paraguaipoa, the new Venezuelan military colony, founded in 1882, counts already 50 houses. It is situated in the plains 12 miles in advance of Santa Teresa, which it completely covers. The garrison at present consists of 30 men, well mounted and found in every respect, under the orders of a commander, two secretaries, and two interpreters; the latter for the purpose of taking statistics as to trade, &c. Altogether it is a model establishment, and does honour to the Government of Venezuela. The entire population of the Goajira may be about 20,000; it does not exceed 25,000, and is not increasing.

As regards manners and customs and the way they enforce their old peculiar laws, these Goajiros are particularly interesting. Of course, like all Indians, they are singularly proficient in begging, stealing, and drinking, but besides these capital vices they add a fourth, that is demanding compensation, tear- or blood-money—principal cause of all the strife and blood feuds between the castes, and an everlasting danger to Indians and strangers alike. Whereas about one-quarter of the male population die a violent death from its result, another quarter are killed by drink and its effects. The laws that govern these compensation cases are very intricate, their number is legion. First is the terrible law of retribution, that makes a whole caste responsible for the acts of any single member. As the Spaniards or white men are considered by the Indians as belonging to one large family, the country is very unsafe for travelling, for every white man is a sort of hostage for the good behaviour of the others. If an Indian should be killed in a quarrel by a white man, the life of another white man, living leagues away, depends upon whether the foe (relations of the dead Indian) or a friend brings the news first. Many an innocent unconscious trader has been sacrificed at one end of the peninsula for a foul murder committed at the other end.

7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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lost their loads and the mule throwing the photographer, but we were all tired and not easily amused.

I did not want to stay at that rancho. Their reception had been friendly, but they had something against the Gaffer. I thought they had hesitated to receive him, and caution suggested that we ought to camp by ourselves, as long as we had people on whom we could not rely. Evening came and with it a slight, cooling breeze. Travelling was pleasant then without the heat of the sun. Knowing that the moon would rise early, we decided to go on as long as we could.

At midnight we halted in bright moonlight, lit a fire and made coffee. A couple of Indians came uninvited and squatted nearby. The coastal Indians had become infected with the vices of civilization and stole like jackdaws. We had already lost a number of small things at Arema and the other places on the coast, and had no wish to lose more. In Guajira you must take the law into your own hands.

We produced our firearms and set about cleaning them. We each had a rifle and a pistol, and also I had a number of pistols that I had bought cheap at auctions after the war and intended to use as objects of barter. We put up our camp beds under the open sky, laid our weapons beside them and told our Indians to 'sleep with one eye open', a phrase they themselves used. We assured them that we should do the same, and that our open eyes would be fixed on our baggage.

We knew that the Indians would be constantly starting up and looking round. No sound escaped their trained ears. We were not suspicious of their being in a conspiracy with the other Indians; in fact, they were quite frightened.

When we woke at daybreak, all was well. We packed up and set off again at once. Now and again we met naked Indians armed with bows and arrows. We gave tobacco to them all, as custom dictates. It is almost a sort of tax which white people have to pay in order to be able to travel in peace in Guajira. If you happen to be smoking one of the country's thin cigars and meet an Indian, you can, if you are in a hurry, take the cigar from your mouth and stick it into his, mutter a greeting, receive an answer, and ride on.

Although I had a compass and a map, such as it was,

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Our provisions were at an end. We had been too generous and not rationed them strictly, the men having complained of hunger the whole time. Now we were suffering for it.

Away in the distance, well out of range, we saw a *venado*, a deer, making off through the cactus with graceful bounds. Where did the deer drink? Surely they would not dare approach the Indians' water-holes, which were either guarded or covered.

'Deer do not drink,' said the Indians. 'They are content with the dew they can lick out of the cactus flowers.'

We were thus without both food and water. We whites had tinned food, but the Indians only appreciated the empty tins. The Lad then offered to get us some food and water. He had not been away more than an hour, when he returned with a young girl carrying a live kid in her arms. She wore nothing but the remnants of a woman's loin cloth, and apparently knew that white people did not approve of nakedness, for she tried to hide her charms behind the kid. We therefore gave her a piece of white cloth in payment, although it was really a pity to let her cover herself, for she was the shapeliest Indian girl we had yet seen in the peninsula. The cloth would protect her from the sun and make her fair-skinned and beautiful, so she was overjoyed and offered to show us the way to what she said was a much better water hole.

This new water hole was shaded by some divi-divi trees—the trees were withered and their shade sparse—and surrounded by reddish hillocks. It was not very deep and a couple of women were bathing in it. They paid no attention to us, nakedness in the bath being considered decent. Our Indians and animals were able to drink as much as they liked there, and we also filled our water-containers. Then we moved on looking for a suitable place in which to eat our goat in peace.

Gladtvet, our photographer, put up the tent to give us a little shade, and meanwhile the Indians slaughtered the kid and cut it up. My wife cooked the pieces we had taken for ourselves, helped by the little girl who had come with us. She was now wearing the piece of cloth like a pinafore and

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hopnig for a taste of the kid. The Indians always share what they have.

When nothing remained of the kid but some well-gnawed bones, a wrinkled old man with a straggling beard approached. He looked famished and we gave him a couple of hooves, which he split and sucked at, while our men cracked the bones for themselves. The newcomer had to have tobacco too, so I gave him a cigar and a box of matches. He turned the matches this way and that in amazement, obviously never having seen such a thing before. He handed it back to me and I showed him how to strike a match, at which he gave a great jump. I had to light my own cigar before he dared let me put the match to his.

Then a group of Indians on horseback came galloping up. Just as they reached us a gust of wind bowled the tent over and a flying tent peg struck my wife on the mouth making it bleed. The newcomers were all young, unarmed men. They dismounted, flocked round my wife, examined her mouth rather roughly, but with the best intentions, bewailing the accident. They then tore Gladtvet's hat off his head and handed it to my wife as suitable compensation for the damage, appearing to be delighted with their judgment. I distributed tobacco and they and thé thin old man gobbled up the water in which the kid had been cooked and which our Indians had somehow left in the pot. The young men then rode off, laughing gaily.

Our men did not seem to approve of their visit. They wanted us to move on again at once, as if they thought the young men were spies, so our little caravan moved off, leaving the wrinkled old man sitting there, smiling a wan old man's smile.

We travelled on across hillocks covered with dry scrub. The ground was strewn with bleached bones. Then we came to sparse divi-divi woods, and towards evening we saw ahead of us a wide savanna covered with sparse short grass, on which thin cows, bony horses and woolly sheep were grazing, and in the background rose the shadowy silhouette of hills. These, we felt, must be the Macuira Hills; and the Indians we met confirmed that they were.

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not far from the mission station. Ituhor means 'roast corn' and it does look like a dark golden brown giant corn-cob. Suddenly we were in a valley that was all green. We had to rub our eyes. Not only grass grew there, but tall trees with fresh green leaves. The crests of coconut palms waved high above them. We saw bananas, maize, and all sorts of fruit trees. What a miracle! The cause of it was a little stream that had water in it almost all the year round, though it petered out in sand on its way to the sea. We enjoyed the greenery, the smells and the bird song, and watched the multi-coloured butterflies. The valley was not inhabited; it was a field. After that we came to more white sand, where everything was just as arid as before.

Nazaret lay in the middle of this sea of sand. Ahead of us we saw some whitewashed buildings with grass roofs and one larger building with a turret. A monk came walking briskly to greet us, his white beard waving in the breeze. This was Father Salvador, whom we knew from a trip we had made farther south five years before. He had then been stationed at the foot of the Andes and his flowing beard had been brown. How old he had grown! The desert seemed to have aged him by twenty years at least, we thought. Then the other monks emerged and friendly nuns took charge of my wife.

We had good, sweet water, decent food and black coffee. The kindly fathers at once set about preparing a white-washed hut for us. They wanted us to stay for some time, make Nazaret our headquarters, from which we could go to the Indian camps in the surrounding country, which we would thus get to know. They would also find us good guides.

Then our Indians arrived with our baggage. We paid them and dismissed them. We could not help laughing when Gaffer insisted that he could be of great use to us as a guide, for he had neither been there before, nor even been able to find his way there. His old wife had taken advantage of our absence to appropriate a number of our things, including an aluminium saucepan. This came to light because her pack looked suspiciously bulky and had to be searched, to her

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609 673 great indignation. In those parts to which civilization had penetrated, it was not considered shameful to steal, provided you were not discovered.

Why do all semi-civilized natives, whether Indians or negroes, steal like jackdaws, while primitive peoples in the jungle respect each other's property? Stealing had become a sport with the half-bred Guajiros, but the Indian law was still enforced: he who was discovered had to replace what he had stolen and pay compensation as well.

The old man took advantage of the confusion to make off. When we had finished with his wife, he and his donkeys had gone, and his spouse had to follow on foot, swearing and cursing as hard as she could.

115 124 The two younger Indians did not go with the old couple. They received half a bag of maize and were delighted. It should have lasted them the whole way back and more, but I am sure that they cooked it all, as soon as they could borrow a pot, eating more than they had ever done before and treating everyone else, and probably going hungry for the rest of the way home.

We had wanted to give The Lad a hat, a thing for which he longed, as he had spent the last few days trying to explain to my wife, for whom he had a great admiration and for whose help he was hoping. He had been sure that there would be hats to be had at Nazaret. But of Nazaret both he and we had had exaggerated ideas. It was a mission station, not a trading post. The monks did not sell hats, and they possessed but one apiece. The Lad had earned a hat and would have had one, had it been possible; but he had to walk away as bare of head as he came.

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already have talked with both parties and know their points of view. One can imagine what takes place. The killer's family wishing an amicable settlement: 'It is best that we do not begin a war, brothers,' says their leader. He offers reasonable compensation, paints a picture of the horrors of war, the continual fear of attack, the burning houses, the women violated and enslaved, the blood-feud continuing from generation to generation, and, by way of contrast, describes the calm of peaceful work.

The other side are spoiling for a fight. 'I am rich and need no damages. My men are brave and prepared for a fight. I wish that we measure our strength.'

If a settlement is not arrived at, a fresh meeting is arranged, and meanwhile there is a state of latent war. Even if a fine is agreed upon, peace is not restored until the fine has actually been paid. This is probably done in stages, and that is why the Creoles say that the Indians can kill each other on the instalment system.

To bring about another's death, whether intentionally or unintentionally, has grave consequences for the person responsible. The fine that has to be paid is often ruinous. The homicide becomes indebted to his relatives who have to help him pay. Also, for magical reasons, he has to submit to a lengthy period of isolation and to certain restrictions which prevent him attending to his affairs and make him endure certain privations.

If a white man has killed an Indian, he should try to get to safety outside the peninsula, because even if he pays a fine for manslaughter, the Indians will seek his life. Three white men must die for each Indian killed, according to the old rule. They long insisted on regarding all white people as being of the one clan, though nowadays they know that they are split up into different peoples. They would now never dare extend vengeance for an injury inflicted by a native mulatto to, say, a fair-haired foreigner from the north.

The foregoing are but a few points of Guajiro law which is really much more complicated than these would make it appear. The law ought really to be the same for all, but

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quarrelsome, the parting drink of spirits having had its effect. One old man after much swaying in the saddle was finally thrown off by his jibbing mule. He landed in a prickly bush and became frantic. He wanted to see blood. Luckily his weapons were on his saddle, but he managed to remove one of his spurs and began stabbing with it at those who were trying to help him up. Francisco received a jab, but he and a couple of others managed to overpower the old ruffian, whom they bound and tied to his saddle. Then his wife led him and his mount away.

One by one the groups went off in their various directions. We came to the rancho of the young Indian, our new friend. He had several big huts, built on the sand, where there was no greenery or shade. He explained that when the rains came, it did not become swampy there, as in most other places, but the water ran through the sand and you could walk dry-shod. There were looms in several of the open huts. At one sat our host's young, light-complexioned wife, who undoubtedly was a great beauty by Guajiro standards, and in another his aged mother with a wrinkled clever face.

We were offered goat's milk as a refreshment. I was always amazed at the care with which these Indians collected the small quantities of milk the goats yielded, for each gave a mere squirt. We took a gulp of goat's milk in order to avoid having to drink spirits.

The women were in a great bustle, evidently getting a spread ready. The Guajiro are hospitable, and when strangers or friends come they must have the best the house can provide. If need be, the host gives up his own hammock and lies on the ground.

Our host had plenty of hammocks. After resting a while, my wife went inside to look at the weaving, while I produced one of the pistols I had bought at an auction and demonstrated it, shooting a couple of shots, the noise and smoke of which appeared highly satisfactory to our host. Hastily he drew me aside and whispered that he had something that ought to interest me. He had *snu* and was willing to part with this precious, sought-after article in exchange for my noisy pistol. After all I had a companion without a

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hands to their faces. From one and all rose the lugubrious, shrill lament that had to sound uninterruptedly as long as the dead man was above ground. (For some time after the funeral, the man's nearest relatives would begin the day with a song of lament.) After some time the wailers nearest to the bier began to make way for others, and then we too began lamenting, imitating the sound as best we could, as politeness required that every guest should.

One of the men now turned and pulled the cloak from his face. It was our host. He was very glad to see us and, above all, seemed to be flattered that my wife had come. He was already slightly under the weather, swaying a little on his feet, and in one hand he held an enamel chamberpot. He looked so comical that my wife had to hold her handkerchief over her mouth so that none should see what difficulty she was having in keeping a straight face. Our host thought she was very moved and at once ordered one of his fattest sheep to be given her to 'dry her tears', as it is called. He always called her majayura, maiden, remarking: 'She is far too young and lovely to be married.' This, of course, was meant as a compliment. He added that he knew very well what we usually ate. He knew that we were from the same part of the world as the monks and that these people lived on bread, sugar and potatoes. He had tasted them in Nazaret. But perhaps we also liked meat? We assured him that we did, and he promised us large pieces of beef and as much maize beer as we wished. Then he had to go and attend to his other guests.

Burials are big affairs. A good proportion of the dead person's livestock has to be slaughtered to accompany him into the hereafter. The guests feast on this meat, and afterwards each is given some to take home. We walked round to look at the many camps, some under cactus trees, others in the open. There were several hundred Indians assembled there. Everywhere sheep were being slaughtered, meat was being roasted and people were feasting. One old woman was stuffing congealed blood from a calabash with both hands. The whole place smelt of blood, maize beer and spirits. Here and there someone was galloping on a horse. Many of

8:Armstrong & Métraux E-4 (no date) 1948
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the other. Many other cases indicate the absolute nature of *Goajiro* law 672
and the refusal to recognize extenuating circumstances.

Murder is a very serious crime, and the victim's family immediately 682
demands blood money to the amount of 200 or more cattle. For failure 628
to pay, a member of the murderer's sib of the same rank as the victim must forfeit his life. If payment is not forthcoming retaliatory raids are made. As the defenders generally lose more people than the attackers, the feud may continue indefinitely until all the members of one sib will consider themselves at war with the members of the other, thereby spreading the war throughout the peninsula. If a feud should develop between the sib of the husband and that of the wife, the latter, with her children, will return to her own group until the trouble is over.

A person who has received a deadly insult from another is baited and 683
chided until he takes revenge by killing the offender, in proof of which he removes the victim's viscera and takes them home. This act also prevents the victim's soul from bothering him. If unable to accomplish this he may commit suicide. Suicide is also sometimes a means of venge- 762
ance, a person feeling that he will suffer less than those who caused him to commit the act. Thus a wife who is not allowed enough freedom may hang herself.

Next to murder, one of the most serious offenses is to mention a per- 689
son's true name (given at birth?) or to mention a person's name after his death. This has caused many tribal conflicts.

The value of the compensation demanded in disputes varies directly 681
with the social rank of the offended party. In some cases a repeated 565
offender may be killed by his own sib members. Sometimes, rather than 728
to continue the warfare, hostile sibs may confer under the auspices of an outsider, such as a Capuchin monk, and draw up peace terms. In personal quarrels or minor brawls women often step in and enforce peace.

WARFARE

Wars between the *Goajiro* and outsiders are rare, but any White man 721
may be held liable for the offense done by another, as all Whites are thought 609
to belong to the same sib. Sometimes the few civilized people living in the peninsula take vengeance on the Indians, which leads to further reprisals by the latter.

At the time of De la Rosa, war was declared by sending to the other 721
tribe an ambassador who, in a public speech, asked indemnities for damage previously done. If these were not conceded war was declared, but a brief truce was observed in order that preparations might be made. In battle each group of opposing warriors formed a semicircle and tried to surround and destroy the other. In individual encounters a *Goajiro* rode 726
out on a horse, but, upon seeing the enemy, he dismounted and shot his own horse with an arrow to show his confidence and willingness to fight